

(1)

FATHER
Whitebreads
Walking GHOST

Which lately appear'd to a

CABAL

OF

JESUITS

IN

DRURY-LANE.

BE quick, dull Souls, pray hard, new Altars raise,
Fresh Tapers light, 'till Night out-shine the Days;
Let Masses numberless performed be,
That I from Purgatory may be free:

What! do you startle, you ungrateful Crew? }

Know you not him so late was one of you? }

What, in the Name o'th' Devil, do you do? }

Must I, who once your best Adviser stood,

Whose Vote you never mist for Fire and Blood;

A

Must

Must I, who did my self your Martyr give,
 Be tortur'd here, and Hereticks still live?
 Did you not tell me once these Burnings shou'd
 Be quench'd with Floods of Hereticks fresh Blood?
 And that those Fires, I once advis'd to,
 Should lessen those were to be felt below?
 What hinders then, that these things are not so?
 I hope you're not at length Religious grown,
 And so through fear your Mothers Cause disown;
 No, no, I know our Orders too far in
 Ever to make a boggle at a sin,
 And so well practic'd, that they may defie
 All the whole World beside at Villany.
 What is it then that makes our Project stay?
 While you as dull as my differted Clay,
 Your innimicable heads together lay:
 You can't want Stratagemis while Hell's your Friend,
 Nor Money whensoever to Rome you send;
 You can't want Presidents of daring Sin,
 Who also have of our own Order been.
 Think on that matchless Affassin, whose name
 We with just Pride and so much Envy claim.
 He who at killing of an Emperor,
 To give his Poyson stronger force and power,
 Mixt a God with it to make it work more sure.
 Blest memory! which shall, the age to come,
 Stand sacred in the List of Hell and Rome.
 Let our great Clement, Raviliac's Name,
 Your Spirits to like heights of sin inflame:
 Those mighty Souls who each durst bravely dye,
 To have a Royal Ghost their Company;
 Heroick Act, and worth their Tortures well,
 Well worth the sufferings of a double Hell;
 And if these cannot move ye as they should,
 Let Garnet's bold Example fire your blood.

Think

Think what he durst attempt, a glorious deed,
 Which durst the Fates have suffered to succeed,
 Had Rival'd Hell's most proud exploit and boast,
 Even that which would the King of Fates depos'd
 Who justly fear'd lest he who struck so high,
 In guilt should next blow up his Realm and Sky:
 Or if you think these Patterns fetcht too far,
 Let our success with *Godfrey* be your Spur,
 Are ye not Jesuits? are you so for naught?
 In all the Catholick Depths of Treason taught;
 In Orthodox and solid poysoning red,
 And each profounder Art of Killing bred.
 And can you fail and bungle in your Trade,
 Shall one poor Life your Cowardise upbraid;
 Lives yet that hated Enemy of our Cause,
 Lives he our mighty Projects to oppose;
 Were I now man, and the great Act to do,
 He'd dy'd by this, and been what I am now.
 'Twere true ingenious malice could one do't,
 To make men dye, and make them damn'd to boot:
 Try then whatere your Art and Heart can do,
 Out-fly old Presidents and enter new,
 Hasten and let your Deeds forestal intent,
 Forestal even Wishes ere they can take vent,
 Nor give the Fates the leisure to prevent. }
 Let the fired City to your Plot give light,
 You raiz'd it half before, now raize it quite;
 Do't more effectually, I'd see it glow
 In Flames unquenchable as those below.
 I'd see the Miscreants with the Houses burn,
 And both together into Ashes turn.
 What never *Saxons* Rage could here inflict,
 Nor *Danes* more Savage, nor the barbarous *Pict*;
 What *Spain* nor 88 could ne're devise,
 With all its Fleet and Freight of Cruelties;

What

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What Heavens Judgments, nor the angry Stars,
Forreign Invasion, nor Domestick Wars,
Plague, Fire and Famine, could effect or do,
All this and more be dar'd and done by you.

If I may waste a Prayer for your success,
Hell be your aid, and your high Projects blest.
And may that Wretch if any here there be,
That meanly shrinks from brave iniquity,
If any dare feel pity or remorse,
May he feel all I bid you act, or worse.

Doe III,

Farewel.

FINIS.

